

THE
Mirror of the Stage.

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“ To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;
To show virtue her own features; scorn her own image;
And the very age and body o' th' times; its form and pressure.”

MEMOIR OF MR. HUNTLEY.

MR. HUNTLEY was born in the year 1787, of very respectable parents, at Barnsley, in Yorkshire. His father dying in his infancy, he accompanied his mother at an early age to London, where he was placed as a parlour boarder at Mr. Douglas's reputable establishment, South Audley-street, and received the rudiments of education with some of our first nobility: on leaving school he was articled to a professional gentleman, a surgeon; but the love of theatricals, which he secretly cherished from the first exhibition he beheld, determined him to quit the study of physic for that of Shakspeare.

He commenced his first campaign at Brecknock, in South Wales, under the management of Mr. R. Phillips, (late of Drury-lane Theatre,) with very bad success. Disgusted with the Welch trip, he returned to London, and got an engagement with poor Laurent at the Lyceum. At the close, he became a member of the Richmond Theatre, under the management of Mr. Beverly, who first discovered his dramatic talent, and brought him forward in those characters suited to his genius. He remained with this gentleman some time, performing at his various theatres with success. He then joined the Nottingham company, but the *manager* playing all the *best parts*, he thought it prudent to leave, and enter the Birmingham-

ham company, then managed by Mr. Watson, where he made a successful *debut* as *Othello*, Mr. Kean was the *Iago*, (and Harlequin in the Pantomime of the same evening).

Family affairs called him to London, thereby causing his talent to lie dormant for a considerable period, when he was induced to join Mr. Ryley, the author of the "*Itinerant*," in a small scheme in the north of England, which turned to a profitable account. At the Bolton and Oldham theatres, in Lancashire, Mr. Elliston came as a *star*, on his non-play nights, at Manchester, where he was then manager, which caused the first introduction between that gentleman and Mr. Huntley. Mr. Elliston admiring his talent, requested him to perform on the Manchester boards, where he succeeded with such decided eminence, that an engagement for three years, at the Surrey Theatre, was entered upon with him by Elliston; and, in 1808, he made his appearance as *Locket*, in the *Beggars' Opera*, and *Pantaloon* in the Pantomime. He afterwards played *Osmond*, *Amyntor*, *Richard*, *Macbeth*, &c.: his personation of which stamped his fame; and before the end of the season he had a liberal offer from the Covent-garden proprietors, thereby giving rise to much contention between all parties. Mr. Elliston not feeling inclined to give up his services, but having no control over his time in the winter, Mr. Huntley entered into an engagement for that period with the Covent-garden managers, and made his appearance in the character of *King James*, in the *Knight of Snowden*, and *Romaldi*, in the *Tale of Mystery*, with great eclat.

At Easter, he was compelled to return and fulfil his engagement at the Surrey, where he remained during Mr. Elliston's lease. He was then engaged at Crow-street Theatre, Dublin, where he made his appearance as *Macbeth* so successfully, that he took the lead of tragedy at this theatre for two seasons. He again returned to the Surrey Theatre, under the management of Mr. Thomas Dibdin, where his performance of the several characters allotted to him from the able pen of that gentleman, if possible increased his fame as the first dramatic favourite on the Surrey side the Thames.

The range of characters allotted to Mr. Huntley, during his career at the Surrey, are too great to be enumerated; they were of the most varied and most difficult: among them we may distinguish with real pleasure *Bellisarius*, *John Belfour of Birley*, *Constantine*, *Isaac*, *the Jew of York*, &c. &c. These are specimens of rich and genuine acting, and by his admirers

will never be forgotten. Some matters, bordering on theatrical squabbles, occasioned Mr. Huntley to resign the lead of the Surrey in exchange for that of the Coburg; but here he encountered with some unpleasant privations, and a long and agitating correspondence with Mr. Glossop was the consequence: great warmth of feeling was expressed on both sides; however the affair became amicably settled; and after a trifling elapse, Mr. H. resumed all the importance and prerogative at that theatre, which is unquestionably due to his abilities, and which has gained him the popularity he enjoys.

As a melo-dramatic performer Mr. Huntley stands triumphant; there may be, in some points of acting perhaps, an equal to him; but for the general and finished character in the *forte* which he maintains, he is unrivalled. The names of T. P. Cooke, H. Kemble, and J. Smith, have each extensive powers and important claims upon our attention; we view them with decided commendation, but their *cast* is limited. It has been remarked within our own observations, that Mr. Huntley is *a mere declaimer—the boisterous hero of melo-drame only—without feeling—without nature!* We cannot but smile at the assertion,—its erroneous sentiment is so glaring,—it needs no comment. Whoever may imbibe so weak an idea, can never have witnessed but little of his performances. It may be confounded in the reference to two characters only, and opposite to each other as possible,—let them view his present personation of *Edward, the Black Prince*, they will find every requisite combined for a classic performance, abounding with beautiful touches of nature and brilliancy:—let them advert to that simply and unadorned character of the *blind veteran* in *Adelaide*; a character which nothing but the most perfect acting could render effective. We saw it;—we remember to have experienced sensations of uncontrollable pleasure,—that one burst of feeling, when he is sensible that *Adelaide* is no more, appalled us (if we may use the expression) with extacy; the words, “Oh, God! she’s dead!” was electrical;—the convulsed agony that seemed to tear his heart,—the lacerated feeling a father’s feeling over the corpse of his child,—could never have been surpassed in any dramatic era to that of Mr. Huntley. These are facts, void of the slightest intention of panegyric, more than what is deserving, and with which every individual cannot but coincide, were he to impartially and carefully review this gentleman’s abilities.

Literary Notices.

" THEATRICAL PORTRAITS " resumed.

OUR opinion of the following *sketch* of that excellent actor, Mr. Young, we feel pleasure in announcing, is truly correspondent with the author's. Without commenting on the smoothness of the versification, we affirm that a more accurate and happy likeness cannot be given; it comprehends all that is eminent and attainable in the object of its study; it delineates the features so well-known to the classic admirers of the drama; with boldness and sincerity, it points out the weaker touches, without partiality, without ridicule. This certainly is an instance where Mr. Van Dyk has thrown aside the attempt of besmattering the " portrait " with flattery, he has drawn in a few charming and descriptive lines, every encomium that is unquestionably due.

TO MR. YOUNG.

Oft have I roam'd some gentle stream beside,
And marked the tranquil current of the tide;
Unvarying ever, still it calmly shed
O'er the light pebbles of its silent bed;
To boisterous waves its waters never rose,
Yet never sank entirely to repose.
So 'tis with Young, his passions even tide,
Ne'er swells to grandeur, nor doth quite unbride;
Correct, most striking,—skilful, but not new,
Wanting in fire, and yet to feeling true;
In action graceful, and in judgment clear,
With voice that falls, like music on the ear:
And form and features, clothe them how you can,
Which still shine forth, and show the gentleman!
In all the little touches of his art,
That probe the feelings, and subdue the heart,
He is, perchance, surpassed by more than one,
In declamation he's excell'd by none.

A note which we observe annexed to the above " Portrait," remarks that Hazlitt in his " View of the English Stage," has constantly endeavoured to uphold Mr. Kean by dispraising Mr. Young. Mr. K. stood in no need of his assistance; he was as little benefited by his praise as Mr. Young was lowered by his censure. In one part of the work Hazlitt says,—" Mr. Young, as Mark Antony, exhibited a just and impressive picture of the Roman hero, struggling between the dictates of love and

honour.”—In another part of the same work, we meet with the following contradictory passage: “As long as he contents himself to play indifferent characters, we shall say nothing; but whenever he (Mr. Y.) plays Shakspeare, we must be excused if we take unequal revenge for the martyrdom which our feelings suffer!!” Thus we see that Mr. Young plays Mark Antony, (*one of Shakspeare’s characters,!!!*) “in a just and impressive manner,” yet in seeing him play Shakspeare, Mr. H.’s feelings suffered “martyrdom.”—What opinion can we form of this critic’s *taste*, or who, after this, shall accuse Mr. H. of *impartiality*? The opinion thus to be formed can naturally be expressed by the whole of our readers simultaneously, and for *impartiality*,—Mr. Hazlitt’s impartiality, why *Res nauci, regicula res.*

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ROYALTY THEATRE.

(*Resumed from our last.*)

At the conclusion of the entertainments, Mr. Palmer having previously requested the audience would stay, came forward, and read the following address.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am sorry, on the first night I have the honour of seeing this theatre graced by so splendid an appearance, to be obliged to trouble you with the peculiar circumstances of my situation.

“I have flattered myself that I should be able, during the summer months, to exert my best endeavours in your service.

“This theatre was built under a letter of approbation from the Lord-Lieutenant-Governor of the Tower, and being situated in a palace and fortress, in a district immediately within his jurisdiction, his consent added to a licence obtained from the Magistrates, authorizing a place of public entertainment, were deemed a legal authority.

“In the course of the last summer, when I performed at the little theatre in the Haymarket, Mr Colman wrote a prologue, which I spoke on my benefit night, and among others were these lines:

“For me, whose utmost aim is your delight,
Accept the humble offering of this night;
To please, wherever placed, be still my care,
At Drury, Haymarket, or *Wellclose-Square*.”

“As Mr. Colman knew the plan I had then in view, it was fair to conclude that he did not meditate any opposition. Mr.

Harris, the manager of Covent-Garden theatre, gave his consent in writing, that Mr. Quick should be engaged here. After all this, to my great astonishment, when a large expense had been incurred, and this house was completely ready for opening, the three managers thought good to publish in the newspapers, extracts from different acts of parliament, accompanied with their joint resolution to put the act in force against this theatre."

[Here Mr. Palmer read a copy of a notice sent to him, signed Thomas Linley, Thomas Harris, and George Colman, acquainting him that instructions were given to lodge information against him for every appearance he should make in any play, or scene of a play, at any unlicensed theatre, contrary to the statute.]

(To be continued.)

Theatrical Diary.

Haymarket Theatre.—Aug. 26th. The Africans, with (first time) Family Jars.—27th. Barber of Seville, Lovers' Quarrels, and Family Jars.—28th. Marriage of Figaro, A Day after the Wedding, and Family Jars.—29th. The Hypocrite, Blue Devils, and Family Jars.—30th. Barber of Seville, Match Making, and Family Jars.—31st. Rise and Fall and Barber of Seville.—Sept. 3d.—Heir-at-Law and Family Jars.—3d. Barber of Seville, Match Making, and Katharine and Petruchio.—4th. Hypocrite, A Day after the Wedding, and Family Jars.—5th. Marriage of Figaro and X Y Z.

A new farce was brought out at this theatre, called "Family Jars," its cast and outline is as follows:

Porcelain, (a master china-man,)	Mr. Terry.
Benedict, (his son,)	M. Leoni Lee.
Delph, (an old shopman,)	Mr. Liston.
Diggory, (his son,)	Mr. Oxberry.
Emily, (wife of Benedict,)	Mrs. Garrick.
Liddy, (betrothed to Diggory,)	Mrs. Pearce.

Porcelain, who is on the point of relinquishing the fatigues of business and the cares of "an active life," for the more social enjoyment of a cottage and rural walks at Windsor, intends that his son Benedict shall succeed him, and for whom he has selected the daughter of his partner in matrimony, Porcelain, whose ideas and principles are entirely of the old school, is also determined that his man Delph, in consideration of his long services shall be the companion of his retirement and prepares for his comforts accordingly. Delph, like master, like man, has a good-looking homely sort of a youth, Diggory, who claims of him the title of father, and who Delph designs to be united to his cousin, Lucy Lutestring.

But it appears these amorous young gentlemen have each previously enlisted under the banner of *Hymen*, (clandestinely, of course,) Benedict on hearing his father's proposal engages Delph to unfold to him the truth of his present union, and by the same instinct Diggory solicits the interference and assistance of Porcelain. The ladies in the back-ground make their appearance, and a scene of humorous equivoque ensues. The wife of Diggory, a vulgar Irish woman, considers Porcelain as her parent, and gives him to understand who is the object of his son's choice, he is immediately overwhelmed with astonishment and vexation at so disgraceful a match; in the interim, Delph has met with the wife of Benedict in a similar mistake, and is elated at the success of Diggory, for retaining such discernment, and such a "paragon of divinity." Discovery eventually happens, to the satisfaction of Porcelain, and as the Delphs are under his bounty, their reconciliation is easily contrived.

The plot, as our readers may perceive, is very simple, but from ludicrous situation, is rendered amusing, though its success is more attributable to the excellent acting of the *Dramatis Personæ*, than to its own merits. Liston had a part very inferior to his usual drollery, and very barren of joke, he is to be applauded for making what he did. Liston we must have in farce, or it would not, according to the common expression, "go down," to be utterly condemned then it must be wretched indeed. Terry's Porcelain is very comic, and becomes very effective in the scene with the wife of Diggory. Mrs. Pearce seems quite *au fait* in this style of acting. Oxberry as Diggory was very laughable. Mr. Leoni Lee and Mrs. Garrick sang a duet with much taste, and were loudly encored.—The farce was received with continued applause.

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English Opera.—Aug. 26th. Gil Blas and Gordon the Gipsy.—27th. Ibid. 28th. Ibid.—29th. Ibid.—30th. Ibid.—31st. Gil Blas and (first time) Gretna Green.—Sept. 2d. Ibid.—3d. Ibid.—4th. Ibid.—5th. (First time) The Fair Gabrielle, Gordon the Gipsy, and Gretna Green.

Through the medium of some necessary alterations and curtailments the opera of Gil Blas has become somewhat popular and continues to enjoy a good run, but with all these advantages we are still far from being prepossessed in its favour, not that we are difficult to please, or would wish to be considered as over fastidious, or hypercritical by no means; wherever we

discover talent it shall be our warmest endeavour to promote its success, it shall command our best efforts to increase its popularity : were we to act contrary to such a feeling, we should inflict a punishment on ourselves that we are not at all desirous of meeting with ; a proof of the justness of our advancements, we will advert no further than to the melo-drama of *Gordon the Gipsy*, an hasty production and taken from the last new tale of Mr. Hogg, but whoever adapted it for this theatre, is worthy of considerable praise, the interest of the piece is worked up with great force ; the situation is frequently very superior and perfectly original, and a melo-drama has not appeared for some time (particularly that of the Caledonian cast) capable of deserving more attention or more approbation.

By the by, considering there was so much precision paid to time and the "growth of years" in the opera, we wonder that "the Authors" should forget that as *Gil Blas* grew older other persons connected with him might naturally become so likewise ; when *Gil Blas* opens his career, we see *Picaro*, his elder by some years, in the second and third act *Gil Blas* is "naturally grown and altered" during an elapse of eight years, but *Picaro* is still the same. Twenty-seven years subsequently expire, that is, making *Gil Blas* fifty-two, and *Picaro*, who must have been, by right, far beyond sixty, we find as "light and youthful" as ever, and even his *pedlar scene*, which would have afforded a fitting opportunity for the change, we see *Picaro* in *Mr. Wrench*, who has in fact been nothing but *Mr. Wrench* throughout the piece, but we would avoid this scrutiny if possible, lest it should "sully its fair fame ;" we therefore conclude.

A farce entitled *Gretna Green*, from the pen of Mr. Beazley, seems likely to prove the most successful production of the season ; in fact, for general business, excellency of plot, and situation, which it has embodied, no musical piece at either of the patent theatres, brought forward of late, can boast of superiority. The materials are very light, there are but few characters, but each so constructed that a lively interest is maintained throughout, replete with language extremely good, clever and not hacknied puns, and retaining many points of easy humour. The following is an outline : *Tomkins*, an old citizen, (W. Bennett) and guardian to *Emily*, (Miss Carew) being desirous that her fortune should be applied to one who can fully estimate its value is determined to marry her himself ;

Emily has plighted her faith to a *Lord Lovewell*, and for the purpose of its security, and the happiness of each other a trip to Gretna is the resolve; *Tomkins* discovers their route and arrives at the Hand-in-Hand hotel at Gretna; the description of the lovers is given to *Larder*, the landlord, (Power,) and the offer of a reward of fifty pounds providing he secures them prior to the nuptials. *Jenkins*, the late valet of *Lord Lovewell*, having met with a *Betty Simkins*, a chambermaid, separately impose on each other under the titles of *Lord Lovewell* and *Lady Wilhelmina Wilson* and each being eager for the matrimonial knot, arrive at Gretna; *Larder* discovers in them old fellow servants, and a laughable exposure is the consequence; *Lord Lovewell* and *Emily* at length appear, *Larder* intimates to *Tomkins* their arrival, who desires the landlord to have them secured, *Betty* overhears the discourse and furnishes the party with the guardian's intention; the lovers change dress with *Jenkins* and *Betty* and in that disguise are suffered to depart, *Larder* being intent on the security of his supposed prize; thus *Lord Lovewell* and *Emily* are united according to their wish, and, instead of producing the real personages, *Larder* ushers *Tomkins* to the presence of *Jenkins* and *Betty*; the deceit is kept up till the return of the lovers when the denouement is fully explained.

The characters of *Jenkins*, by Wrench, and *Lady Wilhelmina Wilson*, by Miss Kelly, were admirable, the discovery of each other's attempts at imposture was received with rapturous eclat. *Pearman* and *Miss Carew* were as lovers usually are, fascinating and interesting. *W. Bennett's* delineation of the citizen, *Tomkins*, was strikingly drawn. *Mr. Power* has an indifferent voice but he is a useful actor. A repetition of such performances as the above cannot fail to ensure the proprietor the requisites which his attentions merit.

If the piece is wholly invented by *Mr. Beazley*, it is by far his best production. We are inclinable to think that a musical after-piece adapted for the Haymarket Theatre about forty years since, by *Stuart*, the author of several operatics at that period, gives the foundation of the present sketch; from a brief outline which we have in our possession of the *Gretna Green* written by *Stuart*, there is a similitude which induces us to imagine that *Mr. Beazley* is indebted for the compilation through such a channel, at all events he has made a happy choice, and in answering the end of novelty we augur that it will be productive.

Since our remarks on the opera of *Gil Blas*, we find that it is compressed into two acts: the alteration is judicious, and no doubt will render it a favourite throughout the season.

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Surrey Theatre.—Aug. 29th. The Nun of St. Hilda, the Pantomime, and other entertainments, for the benefit of Messrs. Paulo, H. Kemble, and Auld.

The new version of *Marmion*, or the Battle of Flodden Field, presented at this theatre under the title of the Nun of St. Hilda, was received by a crowded audience with general applause. We witnessed its reception when originally played at Drury-lane Theatre, under the management of Stephen Kemble, where it with difficulty existed some ten nights or so. It was afterwards published, to its title page *prefixed* as the authors were the *ponderous* names of Stephen and Henry Kemble, the latter gentleman we suppose has put it into a more melo-drama shape, *a la Milner*, and *Amherst*, and with its new announcement the nun of St. Hilda is approved of. The *Marmion* of Henry Kemble is certainly a fine specimen of acting, could he have infused in the part the grace and energy which he now does, he never could have been spared from the boards of Drury. Paulo and Mr. H. Kemble might afford a rich treat to the lovers of pantomime. Paulo is undoubtedly the best clown we have, his exertions met with a hearty reward in a full bumper.

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Coburg Theatre.—Aug. 26th. Edward the Black Prince and the Student of Salamanca.—27th. Ibid.—28th. Ibid.—29th. Ibid.—30th. Ibid.—31st. Ibid.—Sept. 2d. Edward the Black Prince, Juan Bellinck, and Two Valets.—3d. Ibid.—4th. Ibid.—5th. Ibid.

Edward, the Black Prince seems to repay the vigilance of Mr. Glossop in the produce of such expensive undertakings, which he is continually engaged in. The splendid equipages, scenery, decorations, and other property are of the first description, and must have been got up at no inconsiderable sum. Huntley's Black Prince can challenge rivalry with safety; Mrs. Barrymore is a clever and spirited actress, and will be ultimately at the patent theatres. The Sir Thomas Howard of Gomersal is supported with the usual ability of that gentleman. There is a great fund of comic humour combined, and which was most ably represented by Davidge, H. Beverly, Harwood, and Sloman.

Davis's Amphitheatre.—Aug. 26th. Alexander the Great, Woodriffe, or the Smuggler's Daughter, and other entertainments.—27th. Ibid.—28th. Ibid.—29th. Ibid.—30th. Ibid.—31st. Ibid.—Sept. 2d. Ibid.—3d. Ibid.—4th. Ibid.—5th. Ibid.

Alexander the Great still continues its amazing attraction; indeed when we review the multiplicity of entertainments which the proprietor seems to produce in so spirited a manner at this theatre, we are certain it cannot fail of obtaining its due reward. The drama of Alexander is got up in a very superior and expensive style; and for scenery, pageantry, and the usual paraphernalia of the melo-drame kind, may, according to the technical phrase of *theatricals*, "challenge competition." If the *dramatis personæ* had been regarded with the same care as the other part of the production, it would be excellent indeed; but this is not our expectation from the boards of a minor theatre. Alexander the Great was performed by Mr. Makeen, who we had hitherto considered a tolerable actor, but such an idea is in this instance cancelled. *Greatness of character*, superiority of person, and the other various qualities, which an Alexander has to boast of, should not be represented by vehement gesture, approaching to bombast, or dancing on the stage as a figurante. Mr. Makeen has had much practice; he ought to mend. Herring, as Clytus, was humorous;—his frequent expression of *'pshaw*, told amazingly. Thalestris was represented by Mrs. Makeen, in a manner deserving of much commendation. Porus, the Indian king, by Mr. G. Raymond, was highly respectable. The remainder of the characters were but indifferently sustained. The American Prodigy and *Il Diavolo Antonio* seemed to use their utmost efforts to surpass each other,—their feats are astonishing. The melo-drame of Woodriffe, from the pen of Charles Dibdin, is not so good as we anticipated; there is a sameness which deters its claims for decided popularity: what few incidents it contains are rather effective. The smuggler, (Woodriffe,) by Herring, was truly characteristic. Slader's Mainbrace, (a seaman,) ensured him much applause. Guerint and Henderson were each respectable.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

BY GABRIEL PEEPER.

No. II.

Rats.—The celebrated Tate Wilkinson is well known to have had a particular antipathy to rats, indeed the strong dislike amounting to horror, which he entertained of these *hole-and-corner gentry*, formed such a prominent part of his eccentricities, as to have become quite characteristic, and accordingly in the faithful portraiture of him which has lately been exhibited to us by that able delineator of men and manners, the great Mathews, this striking peculiarity is embodied with the other points which constitute the fidelity of the resemblance. In his own memoirs, Tate relates a circumstance which happened to him in Dublin, of his having nearly died of fright through some rats getting into his bed-room, and so completely was he overcome with terror, as to be unable to make the smallest effort to rid himself of his tormentors. It happened well for the subject of the following anecdote, that his feelings were not so strongly affected, as it will appear the intruders he had to deal with were of a kind not easily intimidated.

At a small public-house near Wrexham, in December, 1776, the late John Edwin, the comedian, had taken up his abode for the night, being at that time on his way from Manchester to join a provincial company at Oswestry, and after having partaken of a comfortable supper, retired to bed, but not to rest, for no sooner had he lain down, and being much fatigued, would have slept incontinently, but the mice in the closet, and the rats on the floor prevented the accomplishment of so desirable a blessing. The rest of the story we shall give in the words of his biographer. "At two o'clock in the morning a number of these wall-boring quadrupeds from Norway had assembled in the comedian's chamber, and from the force of loud squeaking in different discordant notes, threw the affrighted son of Thespis into a state of violent trepidation. In those intervals, when his reason had nearly subdued his terrors, he practiced a variety of arts to banish such unwelcome inmates: first he took up the jordan, and stealing to the spot where the congress

seemed most numerous, emptied it upon the collective body; this manœuvre had a temporary effect only, as the rats returned to the charge in ten minutes with accumulated force, he then adopted another *muricidian* measure, and destroyed the harmony of a nuptial catch by throwing the pillows with all the force he could, where the four-footed minstrels had clustered thickest; this expedient was ruinous to the concert, but did not answer the desired purpose, the rats recovered their ranks, and, as if in contempt of Edwin's indignation, began their revels again with more infernal triumph than before. Both these devices having miscarried, the perturbed adherent to Thalia gave himself up to despair, his corporeal juices issued from every pore, his short shirt first became humid, then wet, the bed-frame shook under him, for he thought that something preternatural influenced the rats to shake his repose, and he certainly would have fainted, if his guardian genius had not suggested a timely effort of cunning, this suggestion was to borrow the vocal organs of a cat, Edwin luckily was not unhappy at imitation, he mewed three times, first, *piano*, secondly *in alto*, and thirdly, in *voca alto*, the first essay alarmed, the second, divided the grand body, and the third, drove them all with precipitation from the precincts of his little white-washed recess.

"Relieved from intruders, and overpowered with toil, our hero sunk into rest; and was very happy to find, on a thorough examination next morning, that his person was unwounded, and his portable properties entire."

Garrick's Farewell.—Mr. Garrick had this season, (March, 1776,) determined on declining the managerial sceptre, and the conversation of the theatrical world was chiefly engrossed by the sale of his share and patent for £35,000, to Dr. Ford, Messrs. Ewart, Sheridan, and Linley. His friends gave out as the cause of this voluntary resignation, that his performers, especially the *female* part, were so refractory, that he could not bring them to any kind of order, but seeing that the public were not so frequently disappointed as some seasons before by the *malades imaginaries* of the green-room, this could not be the case, nor could such circumstances be more disagreeable to him this season than the last. It was more probable that Mr. Garrick apprehended his powers of pleasing might *decrease* as his years *increased*; this season, however, he played very often, including the part of Sir Anthony Brenville, in Mr. Sheridan's comedy. June 10th, he performed for the last time, Don

Felix, in the Wonder, for the fund for decayed actors. After the play, he came forward, and addressed the audience in the following words :

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"It has been customary with persons under my circumstances to address you in a farewell-epilogue, I had the same intention and turned my thoughts that way, but indeed I found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should now be of speaking it. The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings."—*(Here he was incapable of proceeding until relieved by a flood of tears.)*—"Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deep impression I have of your kindness will always remain *here*, *(putting his hand on his breast.)* fixed and unalterable. I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have, but I defy them all to take more sincere and more uninterrupted pains for your favour or be more truly sensible of it than is your most obedient and grateful servant."

This address met with general and repeated applause from all parts of the house, which was crowded with a polite and brilliant audience.

Anecdote of Colley Cibber's Daughter.—Colley Cibber, the elder, had a daughter, named Charlotte, who also took to the stage; her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, afflictions, and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755, she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read; she was at this time a widow, having been married to one Clarke, a musician, long since dead.

Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington, in the purlieu of Clerkenwell Bridewell, not very distant from the New River-head, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleansings of the streets.

The night preceding, a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present fashionable style of half-boots. We knocked at the door, (not attempting to pull the latch-string,) which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender. A perfect model for the Copper Captain's tattered landlady; that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of *Rule a Wife*. She, with a torpid voice, and hungry smile, desired us to walk in.

The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it

must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delph plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin, and a black pitcher with a snip out of it.

To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion, sitting, on a maimed chair under the mantle-piece, by a fire merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving.

On the hob sat a monkey, which, by way of welcome, chattered at our going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect! and at our author's feet, on the flounce of her dingy petticoat reclined a dog, almost a skeleton! He raised his shagged head, and eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. "Have done, Fidele! these are friends."

The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humble and disconsolate; a mingled effort of superiority and pleasure,—Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description,—no wonder the creature barked! a magpie perched on the top of her chair, not an uncommon ornament! and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows; the pipe was gone, an advantage in their present office, they serving as a succedaneum for a writing-desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasures, the manuscript of her novel. Her ink-stand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to a stump; she had but one. A rough deal board with three hobbling supporters, was brought for our convenience, on which without farther ceremony, we contrived to sit down, and entered upon business.—The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid hand-maiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck, with an eye of anxious expectation!—the bookseller offered five;—Our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous; however, some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopolism, and the state of authorcraft. He seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and at his instance, the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal, with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety, and run one-half the risk, which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to. Such is the story of the once-admired daughter of Colley Cibber, poet-laureat and patentee of Drury-lane, who was born in affluence, and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train; yet, unmindful of her advantages, and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill.

Original Poetry.

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LINES TO MISS *****

Yes! I will join the world again,
 And mingle with the croud;
 And tho' my mirth may be but pain,
 My laughter wilderment of brain,
 At least it shall be loud.

'Tis true, to bend before the shrine,
 Of heartless revelry,
 Is slavery to a soul like mine!
 Yet better thus in chains to pine,
 Than pause to think on thee.

Aye, better far to steep the soul
 In pleasure's sparkling tide;
 Bid joy's unholy sounds controul
 The madd'ning thoughts that o'er it roll,
 Than wither 'neath thy pride.

Yet, I *have* lov'd thee, ah, how well!
 But words are wild and weak;
 The depth of that pervading spell,
 I dare not trust my *tongue* to tell,
 And hearts may never speak!

The stubborn pride, none else can rein,
 Shall stoop to love and thee;
 But as the pine upon the plain,
 Bent by the blast, springs up again,—
 So shall it fare with me.

Still whilst I darkly sojourn here,
 Spite of each vain endeavour,
 Thy *name* through many a future year,
 Will be the knell to my lonely ear,
 Of bliss, gone by for ever.

Though thou hast wrapt me in a cloud,
 Nought now may e'er dispel;
 In *silence* my wrongs I'll shroud,
 And love, reproach, pain, passion, croud,
 Into *one* word—farewell.





J. Findlay del.

MISS PATON AS LYDIA.
in Morning, Noon, and Night.